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Charlotte Bell
Nadine Christensen
Sione Francis
Andrew Gangoiti
Helga Groves
Andrew Hurle
Glenys Jackson
Megan Keating
Sarah Ryan
John Vella
Louiseann Zahra

Plimsoll Gallery Centre for the Arts
Hunter Street Hobart
6 March to 26 March 1999

Curated by
Jessica Ball and Anjanette Shaw

LIQUID EVASIONS

...flirting with the surface

an introduction

Liquid Evasions...flirting with the surface is based upon a common interest of the artists in this exhibition in the methods and materials of layering and transparency within image-based disciplines and the subsequent abstraction which many artists have adopted during the course of their art practice. Much of the work within this genre is reliant upon direct physical viewing, as documentation does not convey the necessary visual engagement and resulting experience.

The methods and materials associated with layering and transparency extend towards a fascination with and seduction by the surface. Glass, perspex, silk, wax, paint, varnish and plastics lend themselves to experimentation and absorption with the materials themselves: the image becoming mediated by the surface. The image may lose priority, floating within or actually dissolving into the material object: the image becomes irrelevant, sometimes absent.

Floating, dissolving and concealed the (absent) image offers an invitation to flirt with the gaze and seduce the viewer. Through layering and transparency the work establishes an attraction, the visual engagement required maintains this teasing seduction resulting in a perception of the artwork which is based not in image, but in experience.

Jessica Ball and Anjanette Shaw
Curators
Hobart March 1999.

death by water

Clifford Davy

For a fraction of a second that thin black line severing sea from sky was fractured. The intransigent filament between deep, fathomless grey and dull radiance was pushed through a random refraction, its exquisitely simple form mutated into spectral disarray; grey spilling skywards from the lumbering sea, its draining heaviness swelling into the late afternoon sky's darkened incandescence. But this would always be only a momentary infiltration: the upward motion would slow as though caught, incontrovertibly, in a downward pull, like that of a dream, and come with sickening resolution to the horrid halt that leaves one caught in a moment that lasts forever, as breath freezes, just before a fall.



As the old launch sat tossing roughly on the edge of the bay before the open sea, she waited, looking through the window at the horizon rising and falling in time with the

swell. With the world swaying as though unstable and wild outside, she found herself staring at the way that the warps in the old glass refracted and broke everything beyond when the call came that they had found something. In the rain of late spring, she stood upon the unsteady deck as the body was hauled in. A man in overalls had one of those long sticks used for grappling ropes as a boat comes to dock, and he used it to help pull the body floating in the water toward the launch. When it was within reach, others leaned over, their bodies sticking in her mind like those of men she had seen once in a painting, some old-time American one. They just moved with a weird kind of ease, as though time would always be the same, and all that one had to do - or, maybe, all that one could do - was to move through it, as though totally unaware of its existence. It seemed as though nothing struck them as they tugged to retrieve the drunkard from the sea, the waves pushing him up toward the gunwale, then hauling

him back down, drawing his water-logged weight into the lulling rip, the tearing current pulling down past the rolling keel. That, she knew, was a journey he had already taken.

As his body lunged, carried upon the eddying swell, and beat with a sickening persistence against the gunwale, unremitting water currented with a slow and exhausting certitude back and forth across his bleached torso.

Massive sheets of gashed tissue would rest closed, waiting to float open in listless time with the afternoon swell - as gills straining against the indolent current - only to shut again against their slow, watery breath. She watched as water coursed its way over him. A large flap of bloodless skin, barely still attached, drifted apart from the rest of the body with the slow and fluid grace of a stingray skating just above the sandy surface of a shallow bay, before falling back to its rightful place and, momentarily, made him seemingly complete, restfully lying still, Ophelia like, as though the churning screw of a propeller hadn't sheared its way through the tangle of his convulsed, water gasped flesh. And her eyes shut, as though hoping to hold this fragile image as her last - this seeming completeness unviolated. When they opened again, they landed upon a small and simple detail. Her gaze fixed upon a nipple that lay flat within a small, dark areola. She was embarrassed that such a detail should catch her attention; concerned, perhaps, that she might be seen staring so directly at such a part of his anatomy. But she knew that she did so to keep her eyes from wandering over the rest of his broken body.

What then began to dismay her, though, was the fact - and she even became aware of this then, while it was happening - that it could forcefully draw her from the undeniable, the inescapable brutal reality of this event, and set her mind falling across other private recollections. The pigment of the areola hadn't suffered as the rest of the body had: instead, still dark, it was drawn into sharp relief against the bloated, awful dead white of flesh. Perhaps she knew (knew from the bitter wind baffling her own body and the tense hardening of her own flesh - and it wasn't simply from grief for her, she knew, or would think later, that those who stood with her on the deck cast their glances across her frigid, wind bitten form) that nothing living could remain inert to this flaying of cold. But as she stared at the flesh that would not react to the deadening chill, respond to the teasing trickles of salt, a time not that distant - a time that already now she knew, and bitterly knew that from now on she must know forever, would not and could not be recovered, no matter what - began, still, to toy with her, lifting a numbing memory (inappropriate, but thankfully visible to only herself) to float just below the surface of redemption. And images from the time when, as she drew her lips across his cold chest, she would feel the flesh of his nipple toughen, become like gristle (forcing a loose mould of itself, a savoured transitory imprint of his form, into the liquid surface of her prying tongue), pressed themselves over the very solid vision before her; the deadening image of his caught body opening while being

tugged in the slow downward motion of water. That image, a water dimmed view into a sickening malaise [one that would only ever reveal a part of itself to her], although it was now being pushed into the background, she knew would still fix itself in her mind ever so firmly, and stay forever.

Finally withdrawn from the sea and cast across the deck, his body lay emptied. The partly familiar mass froze her. Great harrowing spaces were just empty where there should have been something. That which she had clutched, wrapped herself around; that which had entwined itself about her, fallen within her body. Now though that domain had been repossessed, and some weird creature of the sea could be seen latched on and suckling, lost within the depths of the tattered gut. Someone wrenched at the foul creature, and it came easily, drawing a straggling remnant. Tossed across the deck it slithered on its side before hitting a windlass and rebounding to circle dumbly. It slowed to a stop in the open, its bewildered jaw tearing at the air. One of the men who moved even now with a slow and deliberate ease stepped forward and wrought fair justice, bringing the flat side of a fireman's axe across what must have been the skull of the creature, although it seemed as though its framework must be anything but osseous. The beast flapped furiously against the impact, and the second and third till, finally, the true edge of the tool was swept through its neck. The still convulsing body with head flapping wildly as a beating door against

summer wind, and now pumping dark fluid in wide, flat waves across the deck was pushed without further ceremony, back to the sea.

The hands of the drunkard had been left alone by the beasts of the deep, but the outer skin had already begun to peel away, by its own accord, from the bone and flesh beneath. She had already told them what they needed to know, yes she knew who he was, of course she did, but still they would take the layer of identity shed so soon (or rather, perhaps, which had separated itself from the body, disowning that failed substrate), and a conscript - so easily could they put novices to such tasks - would draw the sheet of skin over his own hand like a glove, and ink it up to press its imprint against a sheet of manila: the minute whorls and convolutions texturing the surface of his flesh to be circled and numbered with a red pen, recorded and cross referenced then, finally, simply filed.



As the train, the last for the evening, pulled out of the city - she had lost track of which one it was by now, it seemed there had been so many - the late sun fell through the windows of the carriage. One by one, people on the left (and then a little later, as the track shifted direction ever so slightly, those on the right) would pull the blinds across the dirty glass, hiding the smeared, rough polishing - the unsuspected trace of an uninterested touch, deposited by bored night cleaners - now a brilliant, glaring patina.

Further up the compartment blinds were still left open. She would stare at the compressed refractions, the quiet world outside bent and contorted by the glass. People had told her that all she could see was the surface of things as they watched her stare, silently following details of light. Well, someone had said that to her once; it must have been quite some time ago. She guessed that that was what they were surmising sometimes when she caught others looking at her now. But, really, she didn't mind. It was probably true, in a way. The surface of light, she sometimes thought to herself, was itself the one thing that could still now seduce and take possession of her. She liked the idea of that. Light caught across the edge of flesh in the early morning when the sun was low on the sky could hold her in the way that no lover who she could remember now ever did. She had loved the minute detailed texture of skin being drawn out in sharp relief, the highlights across the edges of its surface.

The things that caught her now were simple: light across water; the way that liquid ripples through old glass would bend things strangely; or even just the hours of dusk light fixed her attention, captivated her. At a midsummer, sometime, she recalled having sat on the hill at dusk, overlooking the bay. The bay that she had not seen now for a very long time, but could even now still remember. For a short while when the muggy heat first began to drain out of the air, the sky glowed a thin purple in the haze above the sweep of hills, dull upon the far side of the bay.

Beetles, slow and seeming so big, hovered around, their wings casting shimmering, translucent shadows beneath the arched blackness of their backs, spread open wide above them. They moved with a beautiful and easy awkwardness, appearing so determined as they followed their random path. Flitting into view they would traverse the air before her, stark and lucid against the dusk sky; then they would disappear as suddenly as they had appeared, lost against the quickening shadow of earth. The evening translucence, a turgid substance, would thicken into a slowing fluid, then so suddenly it too would fade and vanish into the darkness. That is how it was, she knew. The beginning of night would always be like this; it, at least, could be constant.



She would make these journeys. It could easily seem an indulgence in nostalgia and futility. Whenever she happened to get to a place they had been together, she would find herself retracing her steps, going back to the same places. It was not quite like she had made a conscious decision to do so: no, but she would find moments returning to her as she walked through the botanical gardens, as she sat in a restaurant, or simply as she stood waiting at a traffic light. She would recall being in that exact same place before, and she would recall something he had done, the way he had pointed out the sage in the herb garden, for example. No, not recall.

Rather, she would not be looking back, but for a very brief moment she would be back in another time - would be again at that moment in the past without knowing that this time it was "again". And he would be there next to her, she could feel his presence - not the presence of a spirit returned and visiting her - but simply as it was then when they were both there, and she would turn around to hear what he was saying about the sage. These ellipses would be something that happened, perhaps, in the fraction of a second, and immediately following them would be a period of confusion that lasted for only a little longer as she returned to the present, and the obvious which was all very clear to her. They happened every now and then, and she was struck by the way that their conceit totally tricked her, albeit only for a brief period of time. But she then found herself turning up at places where one might expect this to happen, places they had worked together, places they had journeyed to (even places they had hoped to travel to, as though they were part of their life together, which of course they were, in a sense), and other places they had enjoyed; galleries, theatres, operas, a number of tourist sites (surrounded by thousands of visitors simply checking items off their lists of significant landmarks, just as they had once done), and, of course, the bars and restaurants where they had just spent time. It was almost as though she had begun tracking down these strange moments of recollection. But if she had hoped for these instants of transport to be found, the more she pursued them, the

less they occurred, and she realised that she could not make them happen: once she had become conscious of them, they began to lose their power, or rather, she found that she had now power over them.



In the mornings she walked through the streets of cities she only knew from photographs and movies she had seen; fragments of geography montaged together into a strange, fabricated world. At first she used maps to try and get a sense for the layout of a city and its dimensions, but after a while she gave up on that. She would walk listening to the talk she couldn't understand. In the evenings, she would spend her time at the movies where she could easily follow the dialogue, the nuances native to her tongue. It didn't take long before she realised that much was missing in the text printed in the foreign languages across the bottom of the screen. She would smile to herself, thinking briefly that in this there was a way she could take an incomplete form of private revenge upon the unfamiliar locals she was an alien to. Here in the world of shadows and reflection she could engage fully in reading the interactions before her, something not necessarily impossible to those around her in the cinema, but something impossible to her in the world outside: here, at least, was a world she could know.

A shadowy isolation in a world of half understood interlocations was still though, in itself, somehow strangely beautiful to her. It was not the languages themselves: no, she couldn't say that any of the many

languages she heard, or the different dialects in the different quarters she lived in were beautiful, as she had heard so many people say. There was a beguiling beauty simply in the way their fluctuating fluency continued despite her presence, ignoring her existence. She wouldn't try to use the words she had learnt herself. When she needed something, she would only ever point and make signs with her hands, and pass money across. Usually she would settle uneasily and briefly into a community. She would find a café, and then keep turning up each morning at the same one. She would pick strange and small ones on local market streets, places with names that appealed to her for some obscure reason like "Bar les Papillon" or others with no discernible name at all. They would be places where there would be small groups of men, but no women, having a *café*, a cigarette and usually a wine or cognac in a small glass with a tall stem before the day got going. She would watch them make their salutations and chat briefly. They would all shake hands with the café owner before stepping out the door. She didn't do that. She would only go to places for a week or a little more, then find somewhere else.



In the same kind of way she would go into churches and cathedrals. In some there would just be a small groups of women, endlessly repeating incantations to the Virgin; in others there would be the sound of beads clicking beneath

the muzzled hum of voices paying penance, every now and then a line in a language she could recognise would come through faintly - *blessed art thou amongst women* - only to be lost again in the quiet drone. She would slip in and sit down in the dark, sure that her attempts at genuflecting or the untaught way she dipped her fore and index fingers in the holy water would reveal her falseness to everyone in the congregation. She would sit not knowing any of the rituals at Mass, an interloper listening to readings that she couldn't follow. The psalms were frustratingly familiar to her, but still unrecognisable. Medieval windows, exquisitely coloured patterns of brilliant, translucent colours endlessly repeating in painstaking symmetry, passed a failing dull glow across the pieta and the brazen cross golden above it. A sole male voice: *Kyrie eleison*. In the cool and dim nave the air held a faint iridescence. Tilting her head back to the high vaulted ceilings, an eternity above, she gazed into the pale haze, a cool thin liquid of watery light. *Glória in excelsis Deo. ... Adorámus te. Glorificámust te*. Way above her motes spiralled slowly, sparkling a distant, hypnotising surface. *Miserére nobis. ...* And her eyes shut, as though hoping to hold this fragile moment, and for just the fraction of a second she felt her weightless body, caught deep in a turgid, fluid delirium, being drawn slowly downwards. Deeper and deeper, into the enticing deep.

Val de Grâcé, Paris
January 1999

CHARLOTTE BELL

ArtSpace, Hobart 1996) and *Enough to Last a Few Days* (Span Galleries, Melbourne 1997). Her work is held in private collections throughout Australia.

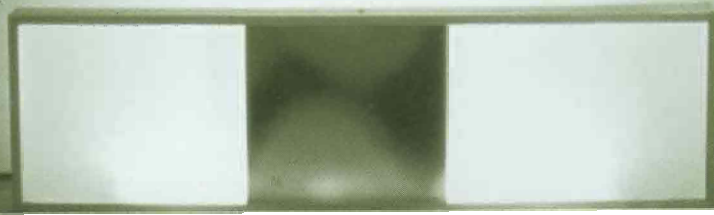
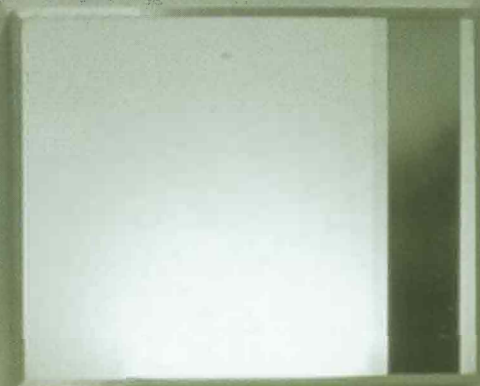
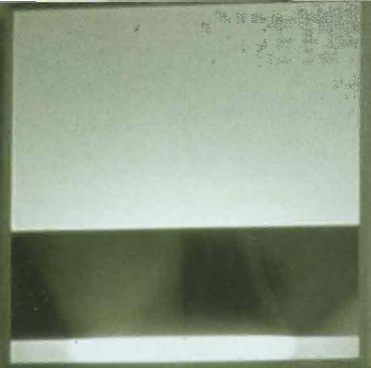
Charlotte Bell graduated with Honours in Fine Arts from the Royal Melbourne Institute of Technology in 1997. She has participated in several exhibitions both in Melbourne and Hobart during recent years

including *Trevor* (Long Gallery, Hobart 1995), *Birds Eye View* (New Media Gallery, Melbourne 1995), *Without Trace* (Couch Culture

Untitled (Installation)

work not in exhibition

1997



nadine christensen

Nadine Christensen graduated with a Post-Graduate Diploma in Painting from the Victorian College of the Arts, Melbourne in 1997.

Since that time she has exhibited extensively in Melbourne in numerous group exhibitions including *Institutional Transit Lobby* (200 Gertrude Street, Melbourne 1998), *Trappings* (Temple Gallery, Melbourne 1998), *Feeling Machines* (Stripp Gallery, Melbourne 1997) and *Slide* (200 Gertrude Street, Melbourne 1997). In 1998 she was awarded a 200 Gertrude Street Studio Residency and received the *C.P.L Digital Work Prize* from the Centre for Contemporary Photography, Melbourne. Her work is represented in the Collections of the City of Port Phillip and the Broadmeadows College, Melbourne.

Sway (Detail)

1997



SIONE FRANCIS

Sione Francis graduated with a Fine Art Degree from the Victoria College, Prahan in 1998. He has exhibited widely within Victoria as well as internationally. Over the past few years his many group exhibitions include the *Moët & Chandon Touring Exhibition* 1998, *Comfort* (First Draft, Sydney 1997), *Dermatology* (200 Gertrude Street, Melbourne 1996) as well as *Structural Forms* (Limner Gallery, New York 1994). The work exhibited in *Liquid Evasions* was first shown in 1997 at First Draft, Sydney. His work is represented in the Collections of the Caulfield Arts Complex, Melbourne and the South Melbourne Council.

door...ways (Detail)

1997



andrew gangoiti

Andrew Gangoiti graduated with a Bachelor of Fine Arts with Honours from the Royal Melbourne Institute of Technology in 1994 and is currently studying for a Master of Design, Key Centre for Design from the Royal Melbourne Institute of Technology, Melbourne.

Since graduating, he has exhibited in both solo and group exhibitions in Melbourne. Solo exhibitions include *retable for fountain* (Span Galleries, Melbourne 1998), *post theory* (200 Gertrude Street, Melbourne 1996) and *Replication* (ether ohnetitel Gallery, Melbourne 1995). Group exhibitions have included *The Out West Show* (West Space, Melbourne 1994), *Displacement* (ether ohnetitel Gallery, Melbourne 1993) and *Continuum and Contrast* (McClelland Gallery, Langwarrin, Victoria 1995). His awards include a *Netherlands Design Institute Scholarship* to attend the 'Doors of Perception 3' Conference 1995 in Amsterdam and the 1994 *National Gallery Trustees Art Prize*, Royal Melbourne Institute of Technology Faculty of Art and Design, Melbourne.

post theory II [Detail]

1999



HELGA GROVES

Helga Groves has exhibited extensively throughout Australia and internationally. She has held studio residencies in Vietnam and France and is currently artist-in-residence at Bundaberg Arts Centre, Queensland. Her solo exhibitions include *under a pearl moon* (Gitte Weise Gallery, Sydney 1998 and Galerie Baudoin Lebon, Paris 1998), *less than perpendicular* (KUNST, Sydney 1992) and *Cutting Soft Stone* (First Draft, Sydney 1991). Helga Groves' numerous group exhibitions include *Giao Luu Confluence* (Australian Embassy

in Hanoi and Ho Chi Minh City, Vietnam: an Asia Link project 1997), the *Moet & Chandon Touring Exhibition* 1997 and 1992, *On a clear day you can see forever* (ACCA, Melbourne 1995), *Australian Perspecta* 1993 (Art Gallery of New South Wales, Sydney 1993), *Jeune Peinture*, (Grand Palais, Paris 1992) and *Lineage* (200 Gertrude Street, Melbourne 1992). Her awards include the 1998 *Kedumba Drawing Award*, the 1997 Moet & Chandon Australian Art Fellowship and the 1995 *Asia Link Studio*, Hanoi, Vietnam. Her work is held in the Collections of the National Gallery of Australia, Artbank, Monash University, Moet & Chandon and numerous private collections.

Battles remembered and forgotten (Detail)

1996



Andrew Hurle graduated in 1989 from the Victorian College of the Arts, Melbourne with a Graduate Diploma. He has participated in numerous group exhibitions including *Yo-in* (Sagacho Exhibit Space, Tokyo 1998), *Habitat* (Centre for Contemporary Photography,

Melbourne 1998),
QWERTY (Linden
Gallery, Melbourne
1997), *Melancholia*
(Fictional and Actual

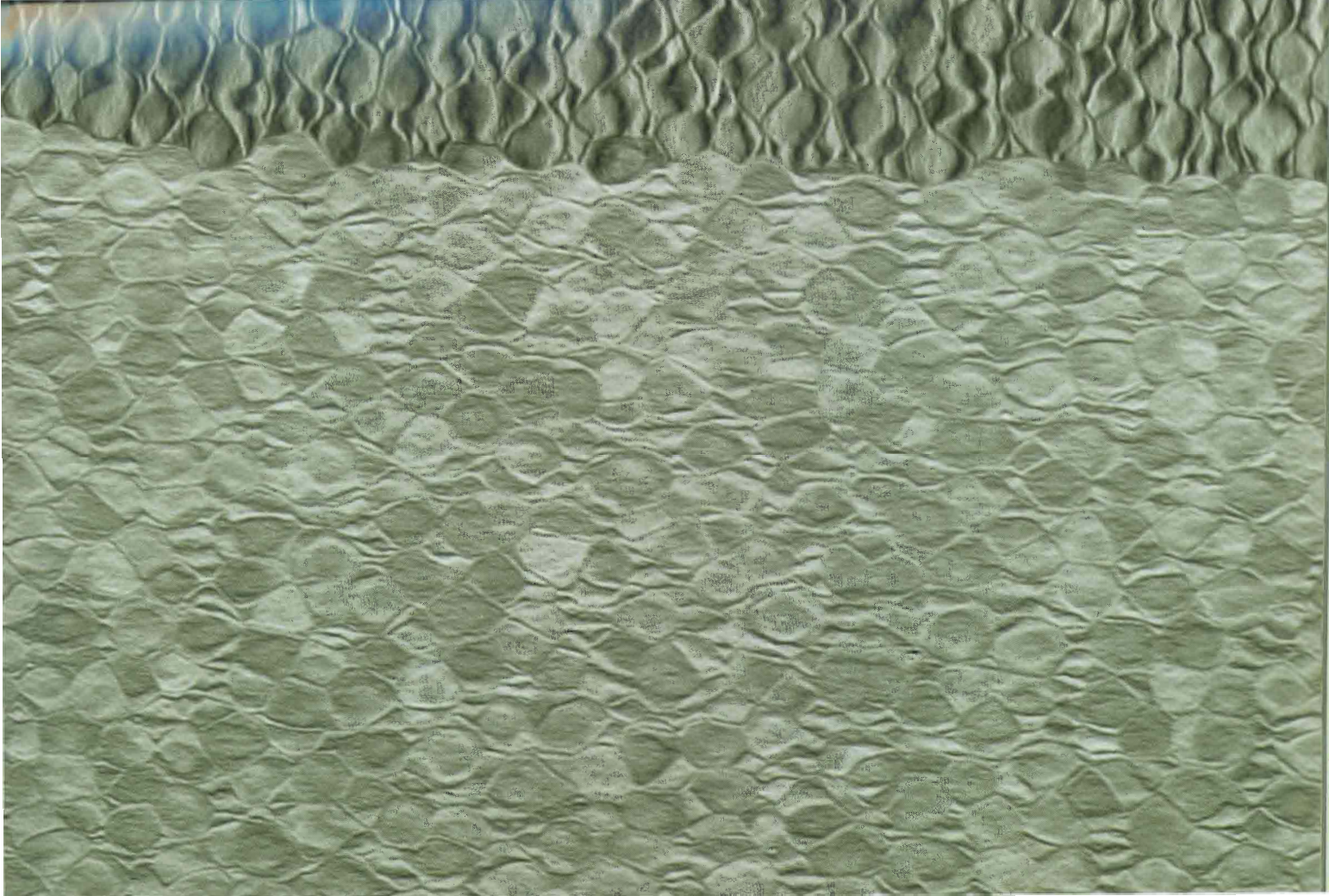
Artists Space, Melbourne 1996) and *Sinistra* (Artspace, Sydney 1994). Selected solo exhibitions include *what is it worth* (Linden Gallery, Melbourne 1997), *lucre* (Karen Lovegrove Gallery, Melbourne 1997), *File #2* (First Floor Gallery, Melbourne 1996) and *Preludes* (200 Gertrude Street, Melbourne 1990) and recently at the Darren Knight Gallery, Sydney. His work is represented in the Collections of the National Gallery of Victoria and Artbank.

andrew hurle

Xograph [Detail]

work not in exhibition

1997



GLENYS JACKSON

Glenys Jackson is currently studying for a Master of Visual Arts at the Sydney College of the Arts, University of Sydney. She has held numerous solo exhibitions in Sydney including *White Cloud Comes and Goes* (ACCESS Contemporary Art Gallery, Sydney 1998), *The Net of Indra* (Side-On Gallery, Sydney 1997), *Between Image and No-Image* (ACCESS Contemporary Art Gallery, Sydney 1996), *101 Lotus of Joy* (Pendulum Gallery, Sydney 1996) and *What is Love but Mourning* (First Draft, Sydney 1994). Her group exhibitions include *Initial* (Gallery

132, Sydney 1998), *Floressence* (Ivan Dougherty Gallery, Sydney 1996), *Textura* (Particle Gallery, Sydney 1995) and *Fillet* (Riches Gallery, Christchurch, New Zealand 1994). Glenys Jackson's work is held in private and corporate collections within Australia and New Zealand.

White Cloud comes and goes (Detail)

1998

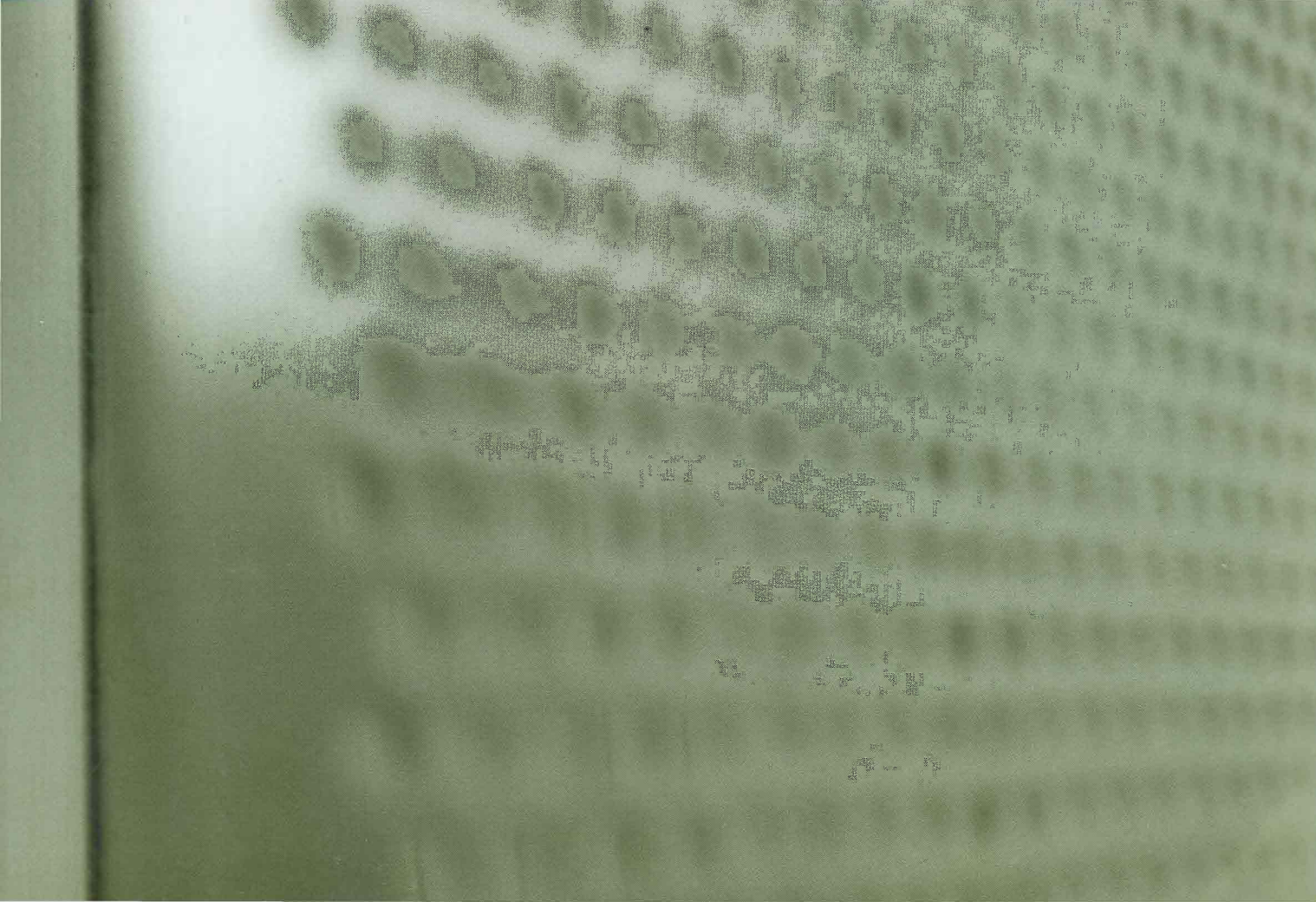


sarah ryan

Sarah Ryan moved to Hobart after graduating from Griffith University, Queensland with a Bachelor of Visual Arts in Fine Art in 1995. She is currently completing a Doctor of Philosophy in Fine Arts at the Tasmanian School of Art, University of Tasmania. She has exhibited widely in Hobart and Brisbane in solo, group and collaborative exhibitions including *Move Me* (Plotz Gallery, Brisbane 1997), *Transmission* (Contemporary Art Services Tasmania, Hobart 1999) and *you might just forget* (smith+stoneley on stratton, Brisbane 1998). Collaborative exhibitions include 'Ben' with Neridah Leembruggen at the Foyer Gallery, Queensland College of Art, Brisbane 1995, and 'blindspot' with John Vella and Jessica Ball, 180 Collins St, Hobart 1998. Her work is represented in a number of private collections.

Still (Detail)

1999

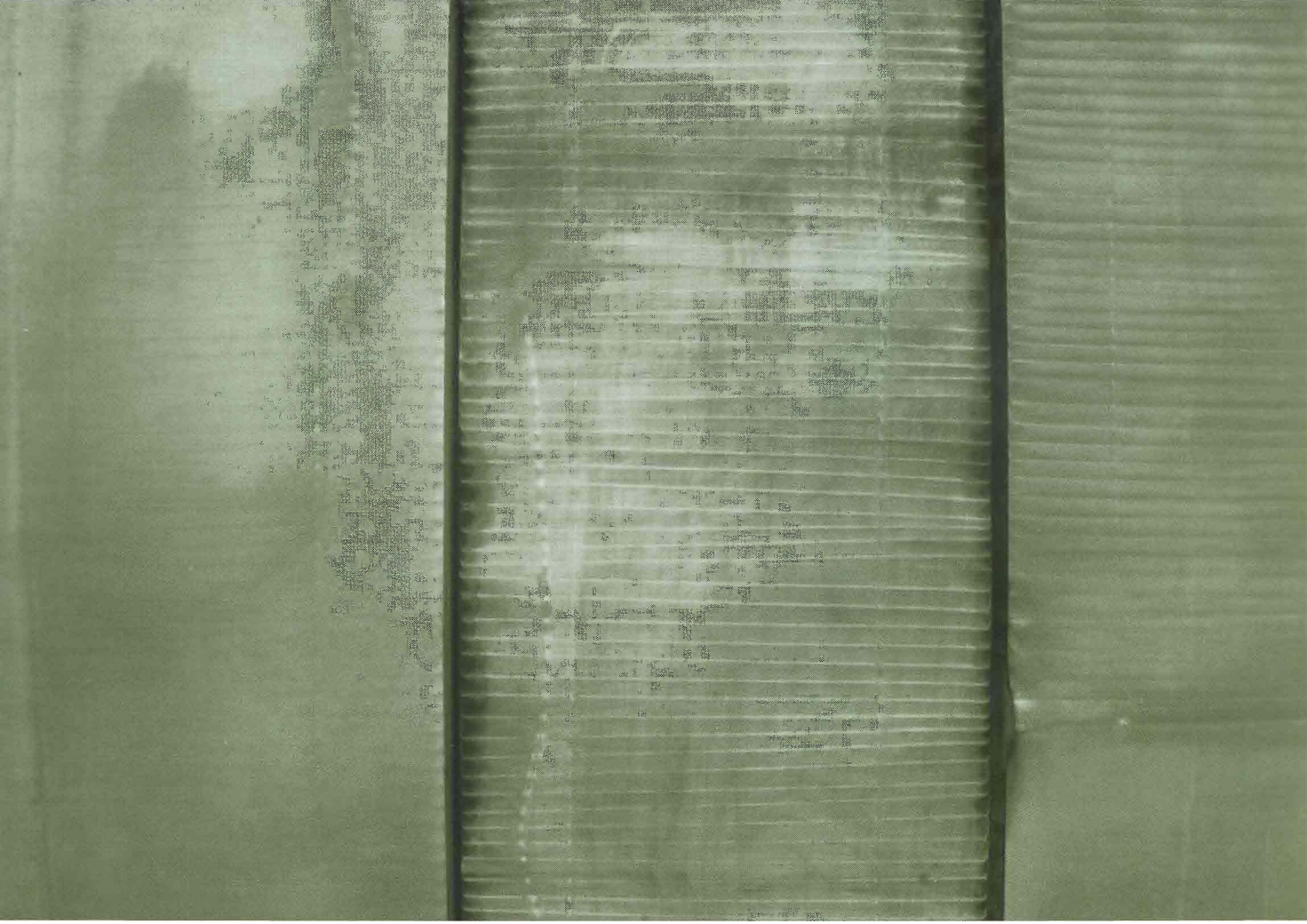


JOHN VELLA

John Vella is currently completing a Master of Fine Arts at the Tasmanian School of Art, University of Tasmania. His work has been featured in many group and solo exhibitions in both Hobart and Sydney. He has exhibited at the Dick Bett Gallery, Hobart (1999), Contemporary Art Services Tasmania, Hobart (1998), Michael Nagy Fine Art Gallery, Sydney (1994), Celf Gallery, Sydney (1994), TAP Gallery, Sydney (1993) and Access Contemporary Art Gallery, Sydney (1997 and 1994). His solo exhibitions include *Object Poverty* (Access Gallery, Sydney 1997), *Watch This Space* (Gallery Duncie, Hobart 1996) and *Untitled* (Access Gallery, Sydney 1994). He was a finalist in the *NSW Travelling Art Scholarship Exhibition* in 1993, 1994 and 1996. John Vella's work is represented in the Artbank Collection and private and corporate collections around Australia.

Blind [Detail]

1998



LOUISEANN ZAHRA

Louiseann Zahra graduated with a Bachelor of Arts (Visual Arts) from Monash University, Melbourne in 1991 and continued her studies at The Victorian College of the Arts, Melbourne receiving a Graduate Diploma in Fine Art (Printmaking) in 1993. Her solo exhibitions include *Shudder* (Grand Central Gallery, Melbourne 1997), *Shelter* (200 Gertrude Street, Melbourne 1997) and *Bed* (Linden Gallery, Melbourne 1997). Group exhibitions in which Louiseann Zahara's work has been included are *Loop* (200 Gertrude Street, Melbourne 1998), *WORK* (West Space, Melbourne 1997), *10 Artists* (Darren Knight Gallery, Melbourne 1994), *City of Hobart Art Prize 1999* (Carnegie Gallery, Hobart 1999) and the *Moet and Chandon Touring Exhibition 1998*. Her work is held in the Collection of the University of Melbourne and private collections.

Spread (Installation Detail)

1997



LIST OF WORKS

CHARLOTTE BELL

Untitled Places

1999

perspex, aluminium, translight prints (3 parts)

175 X 500cm

100 X 100cm

125 X 100cm

Courtesy of the artist.

NADINE CHRISTENSEN

Sway

1997

oil and acrylic on canvas board

dimensions variable

Courtesy of the artist.

SIONE FRANCIS

door...ways 1997
mixed media
dimensions variable
Courtesy of the artist and Smyrnios Gallery, Melbourne.

ANDREW GANGOITI

post theory II 1999
stainless steel cable
390 X 45 X 49cm
Courtesy of the artist.

HELGA GROVES

After Rain 1993
perspex and monofilament (fishing) line (9 parts)
100 X 10cm (each)
Courtesy of the artist and Gitte Weise Gallery, Sydney.

Battles remembered and forgotten 1996
silk and watercolour
167.5 X 60.5cm
Courtesy of the artist and Monash University Collection, Victoria.

ANDREW HURLE

Xograph 1
inkjet print and glass
100 X 100cm
Courtesy of the artist.

1998

Xograph 2
inkjet print and glass
100 X 100cm
Courtesy of the artist.

1998

GLENYS JACKSON

Flowers of Emptiness
acrylic on fabric and board (10 parts)
24.5 X 23.5cm (each)
Courtesy of the artist and ACCESS Gallery, Sydney.

1994

White Cloud comes and goes
charcoal and pastel on tracing paper (3 parts)
207 X 43cm (each)
Courtesy of the artist and ACCESS Gallery, Sydney.

1998

MEGAN KEATING

Sequence
oil and wax on canvas (9 parts)
50 X 50cm (each)
Courtesy of the artist.

1998

SARAH RYAN

Still

1999

one 3D digital lenticular photograph

160 X 105cm

four 3D lenticular photographs

40.6 X 50.8cm (each)

Courtesy of the artist.

JOHN VELLA

Blind

1998

acrylic on canvas over four vinyl 'mini-blinds' (4 parts)

163 X 600 X 14.5cm (overall)

Courtesy of the artist.

Bath

1999

acrylic and enamel on canvas over one bath

55 X 74 X 169cm

Courtesy of the artist.

LOUISEANN ZAHRA

Spread

1997

nylon, thread and wadding

500 X 300 X 250cm

Courtesy of the artist.

acknowledgements

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Jessica Ball and Anjanette Shaw

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Clifford Davy

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UNIVERSITY OF TASMANIA



Tasmania
ARTS TASMANIA

<CAST>

....flirting with the surface